trees. The new unpainted wooden residence of the parish priest is near the church. The plaza of Siaton is unimproved except for a circle of cement used for fiesta dances, now covered with pungent copra, and a basketball court. Across the street from the plaza is a small wooden building which houses the telegraph and postoffice and offices of the municipal agricultural agent and the government midwife. To the rear of the postoffice building is a neat wooden Protestant church.

The new elementary school is the pride of the community and the center for social gatherings--functions usurped from the church. There are three painted wooden buildings, but the other structures are temporary classrooms of bamboo and nipa. The schoolyard is covered with a green lawn and there are cement paths lined with oleander and small shrubs. By the domestic science building is a struggling rose garden which every "progressive" school must have. Across the street from the school buildings are several sari-sari stores which cater to the appetites of the school children. Farther west a new concrete bridge spans the wide, shallow (in the dry season) Siaton River. Overlooking the bridge is Pangligiran hill where Don Antoy, a legendary supernatural, lives in a grand palace of marble and gold, invisible to ordinary humans.

The houses of the poblacion are similar to those seen along the National Road. However, there are some white wooden houses where local officials live. To the

south, about a 20-minute walk, is the sea, To the and fishermen have their boats, nets and their fish corrals in the offshore waters. To the west of the mouth of the Siaton River is Baybay, a small sitio in a coconut grove.

One could see Caticugan from the National Road were it not for the coconut palms. Caticugan, Naga, Talo-ot and Dangola are really one community, although known by different names and divided by low bluffs or shallow streams. Kinship ties, trading activities, land ownership, and friendships all bind the people in the different settlements into a functioning group. There are two main paths to Caticugan. One path skirts the cockpit which is empty except on Sundays or holidays, while the other path fords the river around a bend to the north. (See Plate XVIII.)[1] Taking the path by the cockpit one crosses the river, passes through a small willow-covered flood area and up a small rise to the fields of lower Caticugan, often called Pilapil (rice paddy) by the older residents. Northwest along the path one passes dead buri palms, killed by the process of making guhang, and the houses of the people. There is a little sari-sari on the porch of one house where cookies, pop, kerosene, lard, and matches are sold. Continuing, one comes to a tiny bamboo chapel and the only wooden residence, that of the richest man in Caticugan. The path finally ends at the bluffs of Dangola.

1 [plate XVII (p. 131) is missing -- ANALYST]